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Soaring Surf

ocean, surf mystery

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Chapter 1 by Jim Bradley

Sitting on the sand dune, he stared out over the waves to the horizon. Watching the relentless march of each cresting wave towards him, hearing only the crash of them breaking on the nearby rocks, he felt the breeze caressing his face and the salt air assailing his nostrils.

With unseeing eyes, he looked into the distance, seeing only the past slowly moving across the internal screen of his mind.

"The past of the entire world is held in each drop of the ocean", he thought to himself, "if only we could use that, there is so much we could discover".

The sound of seagulls overhead broke into his silent reverie and he paused to hear their call. As he looked upwards, he was unaware of the small boat approaching that had just came around the rocks.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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